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THE
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'THE VIOLINIST,'
A Record of the String World.

Edited by J. Nickolson-Smith.

Publishers: The Sanctuary Press, No. 3, Amen Corner, Paternoster Row, E.C.

Vol. III, No. 37.

December 17th, 1909.

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Art of the Month.

The main feature of interest for our readers of Messrs. Gervase Elwes' and R. Vaughan-Williams's concert at Æolian Hall, on November 15th, was the first appearance of the Schwiller Quartet (Messrs. Isidore Schwiller, Ernest Simpson, Arthur Fossati, and Jean Schwiller). This combination possesses great power in *forte* passages, with mastery and tact in *piano* effects. Their contribution was the quartet in G minor for two violins, viola, and violoncello, by Mr. Vaughan Williams (*allegro moderato*, rather slow and melancholy for the description; *minuet and trio*, vigorous; *romance*, gliding *piano* movements; and *rondo capriccioso*, a humorous composition in which airs are merrily tossed round, with unexpected serious strains). Each instrument, while duly observant of the general harmonious effect, is bright with individuality. The applause was well deserved. It was unfortunate that an attack of laryngitis compelled Mr. Gervase Elwes to abandon a large part of his programme, but he contrived to sing his share in Mr. Vaughan Williams's song-cycle 'On Wenlock Edge' (from A. E. Housman's 'Shropshire Lad'), in which the Schwiller Quartet and Mr. F. B. Kiddle (accompanist) collaborated. This was the first production of this cycle of six songs, which is likely to be called for frequently in the future. At the last moment, Mr. William Higley came forward and opened the concert with Greig's 'Ausfahrt' and 'Dobbin's Good-night Song,' Dvorák's 'Mein Herz ist traurig,' and

Tchaikovsky's 'Gesegnet seid mir Wald und Au'; his second group consisted of Balfour Gardiner's 'Roadways,' Norman O'Neill's 'Rondeau,' and Roger Quilter's 'A Last Year's Rose' and 'Fill a glass with golden wine.' The audience sympathized with Mr. Elwes in his misfortune, and cordially welcomed Mr. Higley for coming to the rescue at short notice. Mr. Kiddle's hard work and ability as accompanist merit record.

A pianoforte recital was given by Mr. Harold Bauer, at the Guildhall, Cambridge, on Saturday, November 20th. The defect of this accomplished master is a showy style of playing, with noisy execution of *forte* and *crescendo* passages. His attitude at times conveyed the impression of a struggle with his instrument. These were noticeable in Schumann's Fantasia (op. 17), and Mozart's Sonata in F (*allegro, adagio, allegro*). That Mr. Bauer can exercise self-restraint when he chooses was evinced in a Barcarolle and Tarantelle by Chopin, and in Alken's brilliant descriptive Etude 'The Wind.' He was deservedly encored for his skilful renderings of Schubert's 'Impromptu' and Liszt's 'Rhapsodie XIII.' The piano used was a Bechstein concert grand. Among the audience were numerous undergraduates, who displayed great enthusiasm as the items proceeded.

Mr. Reinhold von Warlich, who gave his vocal recital at the Æolian Hall on the afternoon of December 9th, seems to have a consistent and consecutive idea in the arrangement of his songs chosen. His voice is of a remarkably good quality, and there is a depth, sympathy, and mellowness rather unusual in

so young an artiste. He wisely limited his selection to his own language, and the pronunciation needless to say was delightful. In the first group (Schumann) the most popular appeared to be 'Lieb-Liebchen,' 'Warte! wilder Schiffmann,' and 'Berg und Bergen.' Later Mr. Reinhold von Warlich gave great satisfaction with the group of Liszt's songs. To judge from the warm reception accorded, Mr. Warlich is already deservedly popular. The pianoforte selections were given by Mr. Erich Hammacher, in a very masterly manner. For the first, we had the pleasure of listening to Schumann's charming 'Fantaisie in C major,' and afterwards the well-known Ballade in G minor of Chopin. Mr. Hammacher performs with a complete absence of the all-too-common mannerisms which detract so greatly from many of our good artistes. Hearty applause greeted all the items of this excellent concert.

On Thursday, December 9th, at the hour of five o'clock, Mrs. Saxton Noble, of Kent House, Knightsbridge, held a very agreeable and somewhat uncommon concert. Mons. Marcel Boulestin opened proceedings with a few words, in his own language, on the aim, developments, and compositions of Débussy, selections from whose works were given by Miss Mary Cracraft (pianist) and Miss Gladys Horsford (soprano). Some of the songs performed by the latter were graceful and pleasing, especially 'Air de Lia,' which however proved to be rather beyond the powers of the singer. Of the pianoforte solos the 'Ballade' commended itself warmly to the audience, also a lively 'Danse' (both composed in 1890). The 'Coin des Enfants' contains some dainty little pieces for the youthful student, and there is quite the French charm and grace about these morceaux; though we should doubt whether any of these works would retain their popularity. Here and there we find a decided want of originality in them; one of the 'Arabesques' appeared to be a slow rendering of the 'Keel Row.' On the whole this drawing-room concert gave much pleasure to a large audience, and Mrs. Saxton Noble was a most kind and attentive hostess.

That accomplished pianist, Miss Gertrude Peppercorn, needs to acquire some restraint in expression of *forte* and *mezzo* passages, as was evident at her sole recital for the season at Bechstein Hall, on December 9th. A considerable amount of energy was consumed in her execution of Schubert's Fantaisie in C major, op. 15, notably in the *presto* movement, which followed some unfamiliar Bagatelles (11, 9, and 3, op. 119) by Beethoven, rendered impressively. It was a relief to listen to

Chopin's Berceuse, Valse in A flat, two Preludes, and Fantasia (op. 49), when Miss Peppercorn showed that she had a lighter touch at command, especially in the first. Von Brucken Fock's Preludes 7, 8, and 9 (op. 15), played for the first time in this country, were of varying character, and we were most impressed by the solemn style of the second. Débussy's 'Les Jardins sous la Pluie' was well received. The series closed with the 'Marche Militaire' of Schubert-Tausig. It is with no lack of admiration of this lady's abilities that we should recommend greater ease and moderation in style and performance, whereby her triumphs would be greater still.

An unusually successful concert was given by the Misses Ruth, Phyllis and Margery Eyre at the Aeolian Hall, on Saturday afternoon, December 11th. Opening with one of Mozart's fine Trios for pianoforte, violin and 'cello, in which these ladies proved themselves capable and thorough artistes, they proceeded to some dainty and graceful vocal trios. Among the first group, the audience seemed most charmed with the 'Blanblümlein,' with its plaintive refrain 'Vergiss mein nicht.' The artistes later performed with much skill a pianoforte trio of William Hurlstone, and we much enjoyed the fine and spirited rendering of the violin and pianoforte Sonata (op. 100) of Brahms. The great charm in the execution of these young ladies is the tenderness with which each handles her instrument, and the complete mutual understanding which makes their ensemble performance thoroughly delightful. Among the vocal trios were some quaint little English pieces, which gratified the listeners greatly, and for which they received an enthusiastic recall. These sisters will be sure to attract large audiences wherever they are performing, and are certainly unusually gifted both as instrumentalists and vocalists.

Visitors to St. James's Hall on Friday evening, November 26th, enjoyed a concert of more than usual interest, the programme being a series of songs and pianoforte 'tone sonnets and stanzas,' by Mr. Ernest Austin. The latter compositions, eleven in all, of varied charm, were skilfully rendered on a Bechstein piano by Mr. Ernest Lees, and we were taken especially with the series No. 1 A flat major, No. 6 E flat minor, and No. 7 G major, which resembled pealing, tolling, and changes on bells. Miss Grainger Kerr, possessor of a powerful contralto voice, which she knows how to control with clarity of pronunciation, sang eight songs, and of these it would not be possible to say which appealed to the audience most. Perhaps



'Love's Uncertainty' and 'Shepherd's Love Song' may be considered most worthy of mention. We are bound to confess that Madame Gleeson-White's soprano and enunciation did not impress us to so full an extent, though it was a distinct pleasure to listen to her seven songs, of which 'Echo' and 'Heart-Bidding' may be taken as representative. Eight songs were contributed by Mr. William Higley (tenor), who we think excels in serious songs. 'Sigh no more, ladies' and 'O sad day' distinctly deserve notice, but all his work was excellent. Without the preliminary apology, it would not have been suspected that Mr. Frederic Austin was contending with a cold, so well did his well-managed bass voice reproduce seven songs, of which we may mention the 'Log-seller's Song' and 'Cavalier's Song.' Mr. Ernest Austin must be congratulated on his powers of composition, displayed in so many and diverse forms of melody. The accompaniments were all appropriate and pleasing. Praise is a feeble term to apply to the masterly taste manifested by Mr. Harold Brooke, accompanist, whose tasks called for varied powers of interpretation. The programme closed with an unaccompanied choral nocturne by the four singers, in which each voice was distinctly heard but blended harmoniously, in a work of impressive majesty.

The large audience showed hearty appreciation of the chamber concert given by Miss Agnes Witting and the New Trio at *Æolian Hall*, on December 3rd. A powerful mezzo-soprano, Miss Witting's upper notes are decidedly superior. She sang four old Italian songs by Cesti, Scarlatti, Caldara, and Durante, then in German three by Schumann (including 'Mignon' and 'Flügel'), three by Brahms, and lastly two songs by Elgar, and two by Mallinson (including a 'Hindu Children's Rain-song,' a short incantation). Miss Witting's German pronunciation was excellent, but some Italian words were not quite faultless. We are at a loss to understand why those skilled performers, Messrs. Richard Epstein (piano), Louis Zintnerman (violin), and Jacques Renard ('cello), should have selected such a description as the 'New Trio.' As was to be expected, their renderings of Schubert's Trio in B flat major, op. 99, and Beethoven's Trio in E flat major, op. 70 (2) were beyond all praise.

It was with a sense of exhilarating freshness and enjoyment that we listened to Miss May Horton's first vocal recital at the *Æolian Hall*, on the evening of December 6th. Her soprano voice has been well developed, the only slight defects we observed being a mild tremolo here and there, and occasional lack

of breathing control. Her renderings of *piano* passages were marked by distinctness of pronunciation, as in 'Thy hand, Belinda' and 'When I am laid in earth' (Purcell), and 'My mother bids me bind my hair' (Haydn). The cuckoo notes in 'When daisies pied' were skilfully sung, and the 'Banks of Allan Water,' 'Will he come' (Sullivan), and 'Tears, idle tears' (Sullivan), were given with tender sympathy. The organ accompaniment to 'Two Angels' (Mackenzie) was at times too strong for the singer. It was a change to turn from these to the joyous strains of 'Bid me discourse,' which delighted the audience so greatly that 'Love was once a little boy' was accorded as an encore. Miss Horton's remaining contributions were 'With verdure clad' (Haydn), 'Lift my spirit up to thee' (Mackenzie), and two familiar ballads, forming a pleasing variety. Mr. Leonard C. Naylor (violinist) played with dignity and ease, if a little coldly, 'Benedictus' (Mackenzie), and Andante from Concerto in A minor, op. 28 (H. Sitt). Mr. E. A. Moss gave organ solos 'Allegretto grazioso' (Hollins), and 'The Question' and 'The Answer' (Wolstenhulme). In the former the rapid high notes were rather dominated by the lower notes and swell. The experienced and helpful accompanist was Mr. Henry R. Bird.

W.R.M.

We should have liked to have seen a better attendance at Mlle. Du Chastain's violin recital, given at the Bechstein Hall on Dec. 10th. Miss Du Chastain is well equipped in the matter of technique, and plays with considerable feeling, she achieved much success in Lalo's *Symphonie Espagnol* (introduced at the Crystal Palace by Sarasate in 1878), which seemed more suited to her style than Tartini's ever welcome *Trille du Diable*. A group of little pieces by Haendel, skilfully arranged by that most sympathetic of accompanists, Mr. Hamilton Harty, was thoroughly appreciated. The lady played on a violin by Omobono Stradivari, from Messrs. Hart's collection. The instruments of this maker are scarce, and consequently rarely heard. This one has a fine round sympathetic tone, which makes one regret that he did not make many more like it.

The seventy-fifth concert given by the Stock Exchange Orchestral and Choral Society, on Dec. 10th, attracted a very large audience to Queen's Hall, and the event was in every way a success. The features of the evening were Miss Kathleen Parlow's playing of Paganini's well known Concerto in D, in which this gifted lady achieved a suitable triumph, and the production of Oskar Borsdorff's Concert Overture in the same key, which is quite a

remarkable piece of work for a youngster of twenty to have written. There was a well-deserved call for the composer at the end of it and Mr. Borsdorf duly bowed his acknowledgements.

T.P.

Miss Kristina Frey gave a violin recital *dans le style ancien* at the Steinway Hall on December 6th. She is a pupil of the famous Ysaye. Her playing gave good evidence of her master's training. Pieces by Handel, Bach, and Leclair showed Miss Frey to be possessed of a fine technical proficiency. Mr. Robert Chignell sang some old French and English songs very well. Miss Frey, we hope, will be heard during the season.

In the Lincoln County Assembly Rooms the first annual drawing-room concert in connection with the Lincoln College of Music, which is so successfully presided over by Miss Gertrude Foster, was given in the presence of a crowded company. The programme was one which provided a great deal of enjoyment and the work of the students was certainly most creditable, both to themselves and to their teachers, while it altogether showed that a great deal of most useful tuition is going on at the College. The eight singing class opened with a rendering of the chorus (a) 'Bridal March' from 'Lohengrin' (Wagner) and (b) 'The Fairy Thrall' (A. E. Horrocks), Miss Gertrude Foster conducting the chorus, and the class acquitted themselves finely. Miss Gwendolen Hancock (of Gainsborough) followed with an expressive interpretation on the pianoforte of Edward Macdowell's (a) 'Shadow Dance' and (b) 'Hungarian op. 39,' for which she was very heartily applauded. Miss Hancock won golden opinions by her artistic handling of the works. 'Love's Echo' (Ernest Newton) was charmingly sung by Miss Sait and Miss Dorothy Lambert, and Miss Annie Phillipson (of Wragby) gave as a duet for two pianos Mendelsohn's 'Scherzo,' while Miss Schell (of Newark) scored a great vocal success in Liddle's 'Abide with me,' and Miss Phillipa Allison (of Louth) played with much taste Mendelsohn's Prelude and Fugue in E minor. A quartet for two pianos was the next item, and Mozart's 'Titus' overture was given a clever interpretation by the Misses Zara Rainforth, Gertrude Lodge, Kathleen Pitcher, and Lilian Fenton (of Eagle). The treat of the evening was certainly the violin solo by Miss Dorothy Lambert, who secured an encore for her gifted and expressive work in Vieuxtemps's 'Fantasia Appassionata.' Evidently the young violinist's heart was in her work, for she was equally successful in her encore piece. She is a pupil of Heinrich Dittmar.

The vocal septett which followed was also an enjoyable item of the programme. With Madame Marie Duma taking the solo of 'Daybreak,' assisted by the Misses Rainforth, Hancock, Sait, Booth, Foster, and Young (Hull), it was given with great success, and the voices blended harmoniously. Miss Gwendoline Roe (of Hull), winner of the Hull Literary and Philosophical Society's pianoforte scholarship, 1907, and the Obermeier pianoforte scholarship in 1908, is a pupil of Miss Foster's. She is now in her fourteenth year, and gave her first recital at the age of eight years, at the Hull Royal Institute. She played Chopin's Ballade in G minor; the power of her tone was quite exceptional, and her expression was equally unusual. Miss Gertrude Foster herself opened the second half of the programme with a feeling interpretation of Chopin's Nocturne in C minor and Rubenstein's Etude in E flat major. Herr Heinrich Dittmar followed the principal with the violin solo (a) Adagio (Spohr) and (b) 'Zigeunerweisen' (Sarasate), while Madame Marie Duma earned further favours with her song 'Softly sighs' from Weber's 'Der Freischutz.' A duet for violin and piano by Herr Heinrich Dittmar and Miss Gertrude Foster was wonderfully played. Another chorus closed the programme, the class singing Elgar's 'Land of Hope and Glory.'

Cut Leaves.

'Antonio Stradivari, his life and work' (1644-1737), by W. Henry Hill, Arthur F. Hill, F.S.A., and Alfred E. Hill, with an introductory note by Lady Huggins. Second edition. **Macmillan & Co., Ltd.**, 1909. 11 plates and numerous illustrations, pp. i-xiv, p. 1-320. Price 7/6 nett.

We are glad to see a reprint of this remarkable work. The frontispiece is in colours, and it is profusely illustrated. The whole is printed on art paper. The work deals not only with Stradivari, but with his violins, 'cellos, violas. Again, it dissects not only his material and varnish, but reasons on his aim as to tone and construction. There is a chapter on labels, and also chapters on the number of instruments reported to be made by him and the prices paid. There is a good appendix and index. But the last chapter deals entirely with the supposed portrait of Stradivari, see illustration. The work is a valuable asset to the violinist's library, but we wish it had been revised so as to bring it right up to date, and that a list of owners of instruments at the present time had been given, a list which probably no two specialists in the world could supply better than George Hart and Alfred Hill.

'César Franck,' a study, by Vincent D'Indy, with an introduction by Rosa Newmarch. Published by **John Lane**, The Bodley Head, 1910. p. 1-286, four illustrations, gilt top edge. Price 7/6 nett.

It is seldom one has the opportunity of obtaining a book, not only written by a pupil or a friend, but written by a pupil and friend who has made a great name for himself also in the same line, and hence can

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II.





LUDGATE HILL

(from a pencil drawing by Mendelssohn).

speak authoritatively. Vincent D'Indy has not allowed his friendship to bias his artistic judgment and hence the work stands in an unique position. The contents are divided into: The Man (1) his life, (2) the physical and spiritual man. The Artist and his Music (1) the genesis of his works, (2) predilection and influence, (3) methods of work, (4) first period, (5) second period, (6) third period, (7) the Quartet in D major, (8) the three Organ Chorales, (9) the Beatitudes. The Teacher and his human work (1) 'Father' Franck, (2) the artistic family. The work gives bibliography and a list of the composer's works.

Published by **Novello & Co.**, Wardour Street, W. 'The Morris Book,' by Cecil J. Sharp and Herbert C. Macilwaine. Part I, p. 1-80, and Part II, p. 1-46. In cloth 3/6; or paper covers 2/6.

These books are the classics on the subject, commencing with a history of Morris Dancing and giving a splendid description of dances performed by the Morris Men of England in ancient times, Morris tunes, steps, hands, and special instructions are given. The works are well illustrated with diagrams, and full notation is given. They are invaluable and should be possessed by all teachers or those interested in our national customs. We review in 'Our Music Folio' the various books containing the music necessary for the performance of the dances given in these works, which form a valuable guide to the student of Morris Dancing.

Published by **Sir Isaac Pitman & Sons.** 'Reminiscences of my Life,' by Sir Charles Santley, with 14 full page illustrations, 1909, with index. p. 1-319, pp. i-xvi. Price 16/- nett.

This book is delightful, there is not one dull moment from cover to cover; it is an autobiography which is happy and breezy throughout. By kind permission of the publishers we insert a copy of a composition from a MS. note-book of Mendelssohn's.



And one of our plates gives a sketch of that great composer. The first chapter begins with family history, but before its end we get to Santley himself and his early desires, and from then onwards we read of such household and national names as Sims Reeves, John Boosey and the Kembles. In chapter xvi, after a narrative filled with delightful anecdotes and reminiscences, we find Santley giving up painting and accepting the preceptorship of George Macfarren. We get pictures of Australasia and the life there—bullock drivers, lively hotels, with the demands of the guests, and so on, until a return to London is followed later by a South African tour. His description of a Zulu lady's

ball dress reminds one of Mark Twain's 'Tramp Abroad,' as he still thinks, but our readers must get this book for themselves. Right on, through all Rome, New Zealand, and his jubilee, he constantly refers to his great love for the sea. This is a book not only to read but to possess.

• The Violin and Old Violin Makers,' &c., with facsimiles of labels used by old masters, by W. Mason Clarke. London, Wm. Reeves. 1/- nett.

Beyond the 'one shilling nett' this little brochure does not seem to have any particular *raison d'être*. Passing over the four introductory chapters, and the final one, a few words may be devoted to the list of makers and 'facsimiles' of labels with which it is adorned. A very casual inspection invites the conclusion that it is merely a meagre *rechauffé* of the work of earlier standard writers, with their mistakes repeated. Here are some of them, taken almost at random, from amongst the Italian makers: Cappa, the dates 1590-1640 are those met with in older books too numerous to specify, and are wrong by about a century. Joffredo Cappa was born in 1624, and died in 1717. Joseph Guarneri del Gesù: the ancient mistakes in name and date of birth both reappear. Del Gesù, as was discovered long ago, was born in 1687, not 1683; his name was Joseph, not Joseph Anthony; and his genuine labels bear the word 'Cremone,' and not 'Cremonæ.' Maggini: the date of death is given as about 1640. Evidence was long since published showing that he was dead in 1632. Montagnana's genuine tickets have the words 'sub signo,' which is, at all events, grammatical Latin, not 'sub signum,' which certainly is not. These examples speak for themselves, and it is needless to multiply them. If there be a demand for such a manual as that before us, it is but reasonable to look for some attention to accuracy, and up-to-dateness in such matters as those quoted.

T.P.
Published by **Elkin Matthews,**
Vigo Street, London, W.

'Wind o' the West,' by Arthur Lewis, 1909. p. 1-56, paper covers.

A little booklet of verses, starting with an 'Ode to the Soft Wind.' Thirty-four poems are given. The songs of the wind and of the sea show a great love, especially for the latter. 'Sea-Freedom' is fine. We would also mention 'The Forethought.' We wish, however, there was not quite such a despairing note in some of the verses.

'A Little Fleet,' one of Jack B. Yeats's Children's Books. 1/- nett; or, coloured by the author, with an original sketch in colours, 5/- nett. Illustrated by the author, 10 illustrations unpaged. No date, card cover.

Two stories; the last, 'The Theodore.' We much like the last illustration, it is delightful. The author has also issued 'A Broadsheet' for the years 1902-3, hand-coloured, 24 numbers, with post-folio, £1 7/6. Also, 'The Bosun and the Bob-tailed Comet,' 'James Flannery, or the Terror of the Western Seas,' 'The Scourge of the Gulph.' All 1/- nett, or coloured by author, 5/-.

Also, 'The Treasure of the Garden,' a play in the old manner. 5/- nett, uncoloured 2/6.

'The Vigo' Cabinet series. Paper covers 1/-, cloth 1/6. 'Rhymes in a Garden,' by B. G. Balfour, p. 1-62, 1909, and volume of verses.

Full of hope in the first section, and faith in the

third. The middle and shortest part deals with death. We spoke of the first poem as full of hope, and should perhaps add that the third section is also of hope, and 'if faith be living, Love can never die,' as Lefroy has it.

'The Fairy Ring,' by Gertrude H. Witherby. p. 1-64, 1909.

A delightful children's play in four acts. This is a charming and delightful booklet by the authoress of 'Phantasies.' The characters are Nature, Science, Puck, Nancy, and Buttercup. The play can be acted in the open or indoors, as full instructions are given. 'Rupert and other Dreams,' by Lilian Street. p. 1-60, 1909.

Lines for a symphony are very fine, the thoughts being well suited to a great work. Where is the modern composer? We should like to hear F. Kessler set this to music. We would point to 'The Bitterness of Sympathy' and 'Thou Shalt not Worship,' which are well worth reading.

'The Vision,' by Mrs. Hamilton Syng, with a frontispiece after G. F. Watts, R.A. 1/- nett. p. 48, paper covers. The Satchell series.

This little volume is well worth reading. The contents: (1) The Vision; (2) Mysticism; (3) the Inward Life; (4) the Subconscious Mind; (5) One in Many; (6) the Ray of Light. Six beautiful little essays, which show that 'where there is no vision the people perish.'

The Time of Love.

(Continued from page 134.)

VI.

What if I made a vow, all fixed and stern,
Never to see thee more! Would it be well?
By never meeting, might we hope to learn
How to forget? Alas! I cannot tell.
It seemed to me—because our love was pure,
That sometimes we might meet, and that thy strength

Would strengthen me, and help me to endure
And make no sign—until, at last, at length
Calmness and peace would come, and our two lives

Grow strong and purified by love's fierce fire—
Might free themselves from earth-born passion's gyves,
And offer up to God their heart's desire.
'To those who give this priceless gift,' they say,
'The shining gates of Heaven itself give way.'

VII.

I scarce can say 'forget me,' yet will I,
If in forgetting thou can't find relief,
And oh! forgive me! if all carelessly,
Or word, or look of mine has brought thee grief,

An ideal love, like this must needs uplift,
We stand transfigured in its radiant glow;
Love comes from God—'tis His own royal gift,

Its glory lights up this dark vale below.
So heart to heart we'll meet, as face to face.
All passion pure—passion would only drown

The spirit's light and even love efface,
And from the heights of Heaven, to Hell cast down. [love,
And if our lives must miss some light, some Let us take heart, and trust in God above.

VIII.

My eyes are full of tears, my heart of woe,
All aimlessly I wander 'neath the sun—
Sometimes I wonder if there's far to go,
Sometimes I long to find the journey done.
Why must this bitter sorrow come to me?
Why can my throbbing heart find no relief?
My fetters gall and fret so cruelly,
My heart is pierced and torn with heavy grief.
What is the end? The end I cannot see.
I can but utter low my passionate moan;
My spirit length, panteth to be free.
Why must I fight this deadly fight alone?
Alone! Am I alone? Oh! God to Thee I look, I pray—turn not Thy face from me!

IX.

Life is so difficult and grows more sad!
The clouds return so soon after the rain.
'Tis Autumn in my heart, where Summer glad,

Only so short a time ago did reign.
All Nature sympathises with my woe,
The sun has paled his fires—and falls the leaf;
The birds to sunnier climes prepare to go—
O'er all the landscape broods a sense of grief.
What was it made full summer in my heart?
What was it lent the brightness to my eye?
I was with thee. Now we are forced to part;
Life's wine is spilt—life's roses fade and die,
Oh! Love! who came unto us all unsought,
What mingled joy and sorrow hast thou wrought!

X.

'Until the day break and the shadows flee,'
And God's own light comes stealing o'er the skies,

Still must we sail on life's tempestuous sea.
And our hearts fail us and our spirit dies.
The fierce waves threaten and the wild winds roll,

The thunder crashes and the lightnings flash.
'Deep calleth unto deep,' and o'er our soul,
All stormily the billows hiss and dash!
Let us remember One who trod the waves,
Both of the sea of Nature and of Life;
Whose mighty Arm hath still the power to save,

And may He aid us in our earthly strife!
'Till, from our lives all 'shadows flee away,'
And there remaineth full, effulgent day!

EMILY A. HILL.

Grand Hungarian Concert.

A N excellent concert in aid of the League of Mercy was organised by Mr. Louis Felberman, acting vice-president of the Hungarian Society, under its auspices and the immediate patronage of the Duke and Duchess of Teck, the Austro-Hungarian Ambassador (Count Mensdorff-Pouilly-Dietrichstein), and Dora, Countess of Chesterfield, on Friday, December 10th, at the Royal Society of British Artists' rooms in Suffolk Street. A large and distinguished company were present, including the Ambassador, Princess Marie de Bourbon, Archdeacon Sinclair, presidents and lady presidents of the League, and distinguished members of the Society.

PROGRAMME.

Songs	... (a) "Ninon" Tosti
	(b) "Huzad Cziga" ...	Korbay
	(c) "Iczi Piczi leány" ...	Hungarian Folk Song
Miss Edith von Elischer.		
Songs	... (a) "Wiegenlied" ...	J. Brahms
	(b) "Der Schmied" ...	"
	Miss Irene Strauss.	
Solo Violin	... (a) Romanze ...	Rubinstein
	(b) Zephyr ...	Hubay
	Józsa Szigeti.	
	Miss Varwick	
(In Character Sketches and Recitals at the Piano).		
Solo Piano	... Rhapsodie No. 8 ...	F. Liszt
	Miss Grace Eisler.	
Songs	... (a) "My Dreams" ...	Tosti
	(b) "In Sympathy" ...	Leoni
	Mr. Arthur Royd.	
Song	Waltz from "Romeo and Juliet"	
	Miss Dorothy Webb.	
	Mr. Arthur Helmore	
Songs	Selections from his Repertoire.	
	... (a) Damon" ...	Max Stange
	(b) "The Maiden Blush" ...	Roger Quilter
	(From the Song Cycle to Julia)	
	(c) "As Bess one day" ...	Liza Lehmann
	Miss Edith von Elischer.	
Solo Violin	Scene de la Csárdá	...
	Józsa Szigeti.	...
	Miss Varwick	
(In Character Sketches and Recitals at the Piano).		
Songs	... (a) "The Lute Player" ...	Frances Allitton
	(b) "King Charles" ...	Maude White
	Mr. Wilfred Dauthill.	
Song	... "Charm me once more" ...	J. Lederer
	Miss Irene Strauss.	
	Mr. Arthur Helmore	
Songs	Selections from his Repertoire.	
	(a) "Oh my garden full of roses" ...	R. Coningsby Clarke
	(b) "The Cuckoo" ...	Liza Lehmann
	Miss Dorothy Webb.	
Solo Piano	... (a) Tendre Aveu ...	Schütt
	(b) Scherzo ...	D'Albert
	Miss Grace Eisler.	

To say that Chevalier W. Ganz was the honorary musical director is to guarantee the high-class character of the concert. Mr. Józsa

Szigeti worthily represents his nation as a violinist, and gave 'Romanze' (Rubinstein), 'Zephyr' (Hubay), and 'Scène de la Csárdá.' English and Hungarian songs were tastefully given by Miss Edith von Elischer, and Miss Irene Strauss sang 'Wiegenlied' and 'Der Schmied' (Brahms) in German, and an English song. Miss Grace Eisler (pianist) performed a difficult task, Liszt's Rhapsodie No. 8, with great skill, and later Schütt's 'Tendre Aveu' and D'Albert's 'Scherzo.' Another feat of ability was Miss Dorothy Webb's singing of the waltz from 'Romeo and Juliet,' and two other songs. Mr. Arthur Royd, possessor of a trained, powerful voice, sang 'My Dreams' (Tosti) and 'In Sympathy' (Leoni). Miss Varwick charmed her audience with humorous Hibernian sketches and recitals at the piano. Great fun proceeded from the selections of Mr. A. Helmore, a superior humorist. Messrs. R. Loman and A. Mann presided alternately at the Chappell grand concert piano, and Mr. Rauscher's Hungarian band filled intervals with their national music.

The League of Mercy, whose patron and sovereign of the order is H.M. the King, performs much-needed work on behalf of our hospitals, and the Hungarian Society promotes the artistic and musical interests of that romantic nationality.

F.P.M.

Performing Rights : Is English Music worth paying for?

By H. B.

BEFORE I venture on such an important and vital question as the title indicates, I may say that I am fully aware of the criticism which the subject will create. Far from shunting criticism, I hope you will allow those of your readers who will give a fair criticism, and are able or in a position to help by advice or otherwise, to do so. I heartily invite all your readers to join the crusade that we are about to begin. It may be the turning point of a *new era* in English music. It certainly will decide whether English music is worth playing at all. My contention is that if it is worth playing it is worth paying for. It has always been hard to obtain payment for something that the parties interested in have hitherto had for nothing. If the performers had paid from the beginning, not a word would have been said; but having always obtained it for nothing, they will simply laugh at the idea of being compelled to pay. Of course, we know that most of them pay performing rights to foreign societies for foreign music, but they would certainly not dream of paying English composers. Why? Perhaps I may

be able to explain. Perhaps I may also prove to you that the reason so little English music is played is probably due to the fact that it costs nothing to play it.

A friend once told me that if champagne was given away to anyone, or if you had a tap in your house from which you could draw it, not half as much of it would be drunk as is the case now. On the other hand, if beer had been given away, and you should all at once make a charge for it, it would probably create one of the most bloodthirsty revolutions. Originally, I believe, the innovation of giving music for nothing, to be played on certain bands or orchestras, came from abroad. They, however, had a reason, and a strong reason, for so giving it away: namely, that as soon as the music was played the different societies to which the composers belonged claimed performing rights, which were of far more importance than the value of music supplied. We all, or most of us, know what the consequences were in case any party refused to pay. Not long ago the French Société won a case, and ruined a publisher. I understand, in another case they fought and won, the losers had to pay something like £1,200 costs (both cases in England). It is a recognized fact that in France, Italy, Germany, and any civilized country, except England, the composer has a right to live. In England he has also a right to live, providing he does something else for a living, and gives his art and talent as a composer for nothing. I do not for a moment think that our English composers are less talented, nor have they less business ability than those of other nations. My experience in the latter case is that neither foreign nor English composers, as a rule, have any business capacity at all. This is, however, made up by an unusual jealousy they develop towards each other. With which they combine a general ignorance of anything else but music. With such an asset to start an organization for the benefit of composers, one must admit it is bound to be a very uphill struggle.

I am quite aware that many, very many, attempts have been made, and were it not for very special reasons this attempt would be as unsuccessful as its predecessors. The reason why this should be more likely to succeed will be appreciated when our readers peruse subsequent issues. For the present I must content myself with the object in view. I am in a position, perhaps unique, to discuss this object, as I am daily in constant touch with many of our English composers, and their grievances would fill about 20 volumes of considerable size; so I am not going to lay them before you. But I must make a few

exceptions, which I will take at random. To begin with, I will deal with composers who complain about their MSS. being lost, forgotten, or kept months before they receive a reply. Innumerable complaints of that kind have reached me, and perhaps the most bitter of them are from those whose MS. have been rejected. Here I must say that, contrary to the opinions ventilated by some outsiders, I am not at all in antagonism with the publishers in general, although there are cases of gross negligence. If a publisher cannot get through the MS. within 14 days he ought not to take the MS. in. I myself have had a MS. kept for nine months.

Next to this come complaints of underpaying composers. This is a very delicate and difficult matter to decide, as music is not sold by the pound, yard, bushel, nor acre, and naturally the publisher, being a business man, invariably scores on this point. Here I do not blame the publisher. Another complaint is, when MSS. are sold to publishers, they sometimes keep them for years before they publish them. The reason seems obvious when I tell you that in one case that I am aware of a publisher bought three compositions from a fairly well-known composer. These he kept in a safe until the death of the said composer. Also, I know of a publisher who has a composition (unpublished) of Mendelssohn in a safe, I believe, for sale to the highest bidder.

(To be continued.)

Historic, and other Anecdotes of some Noted Musical Instruments.

Translated, Compiled and Written by
OLGA RACSTER.

No. I, from the French of the Comte de Ponteconlant.
The Viole of Prince Henri of Navarre
(afterwards Henri IV. France).
(Concluded from page 123).

To amuse the king, music is suggested. Brisson and Gardane enter and perform some duets of their own arrangement, after which the King calls for his Theorbo, and in a thin penetrating voice sings the following anagram upon the name, Marie Touchet—a lady whom he greatly admired.

Aimes, toucher, c'est la devise
De celle là que plus je prise.
Rien qu'un regard d'elle a mon cœur,
Darde plus de traits de flamme
Que de tout l'archerot vanqueur,
N'en saurrait onque appointer dans mon âme.

Everyone applauds (as in duty bound) but none offer to follow the king's example, not

even the fearless Henri. Noting his cousin's silence, and thinking it is caused by ignorance and not respect, King Charles imagines he has discovered an amusing means of avenging his archery disappointment of the afternoon.

'Come along, Henriot,' he says; 'Sing us something you have composed for the lady who has charmed you! Are you as ignorant in music as you are in love?'

Most of the Courtiers laugh at this witty demand addressed to a child of thirteen; Henri alone remains silent with boiling blood and flushed face, he hesitates for an instant, then unable to bear the audible titters around him, he takes his *Vieille*, and plays, by way of prelude, a piece of Domenique Bianchein's, who was a famous lute player of the day. Gaining confidence by this first attempt, he raises his head, glances fearlessly at his cousin, and in a gentle tender voice sings:

Viens, aurore
Je t'emplore
Je suis gai quand je te voi,
La begér
Qui m'est chere
Est vermeille comme toi,
De rose
Arrosée
La rose a moin de fraicheur,
Une hermine
Est moin fine
Le lait a moin de blancheur.
Elle est blonde
Sans seconde
Elle a taille a la main,
Sa prunelle
Etincelle
Comme lustre du matin.
Pour entendre
Sa voix tendre
On desert le hameau.
Et Tityre
Qui soupire
Fait faire son chalumeau.

The King is compelled to applaud his cousin's dainty composition, and at the same time compliments his tutor, *La Ganchiere*, upon his pupil's talent. Shortly after this, le Roi de France pleads fatigue, and retires to bed, secretly anathematizing his 'petit cousin.'

On the following day the archery contest is renewed, and, as the king refuses to take part, the *Duc de Guise*, freed from court etiquette, pierces the orange in two. No other orange being handy, the question arises as to how they shall re-commence. Henri, happening to glance round at the spectators, perceives amongst them a young girl with a rose at her breast. Swift as an arrow he runs to her, seizes the flower, and quickly places it in the centre of the target. First the *Duc* shoots, but misses. Then *Henri* aims, his arrow striking the heart of the beautiful rose. Taking the flower, and the arrow which serves as

stem, he gallantly returns it to the pretty village maid, who is none other than *Fleurette*, the gardener's daughter.

After this event a great change comes over the youthful prince. He who has always scorned rusticity, and professed to love nothing but books, becomes passionately fond of gardening. The day after his royal cousin's departure, he busies himself in choosing a suitable piece of ground where he may exercise his botanical tastes unobserved. By chance (?) he selects a sheltered spot which is situated close to the fountain of *Garenne*, and by chance (?) *Fleurette*, the sweet gardener's daughter, is known to come here to fill her pitcher with water. . . .

'Tis said that flowers, tenderly nourished, grow as quickly as love. Small wonder then that the sequestered environments of the shady fountain soon bloom with rare blossoms, for two young hearts watch lovingly over them—*Henri* and *Fleurette*. For a month the innocent rendezvous have taken place, chaperoned only by Dame Nature, who, could she have spoken, would have told how the romantic prince wiled away the hours of waiting for the mistress of his heart by singing to the accompaniment of his *Vieille* in the little summer house which he himself had devised. How, when *Fleurette* was too seriously occupied to allow of her going out, she would listen at her cottage door to the tender strains of her lover's voice, and, with quickly beating heart, timidly answer by singing the second verse. How, when they met by the fountain the Prince would fill the pitcher, gravely balance it upon his head, and, with happy arms entwined, the lovers would dreamily wander towards the cottage.

During the past idyllic month, *Henri*'s tutor, the learned *La Ganchiere*, like Dame Nature, had also observed the Prince's movements to some extent. This austere gentleman who cherished much affection towards his pupil, noticed that *Henri* always found some pretext to leave him at the same hour each day, that the *Vieille* was heard at the fixed times, and that no matter how fine or sunny the weather, the Prince daily returned to the chateau with his hat, shoulders and *Vieille* wet through. This unaccountable moisture so piqued the good *La Ganchiere*'s curiosity, that one day he resolved to satisfy it by discovering his pupil's whereabouts. So he followed him slowly; first he heard the *Vieille* then he heard *Henri*'s voice singing, then two young voices mingling, and then, like a thunderbolt from Jupiter, he descended upon *Fleurette* and the Prince. The poor little gardener's daughter runs helter-skelter to her

cottage, while Henri, at first defiant, is eventually taken into the chateau, and a few hours later his Queen mother dispatches him to the French Court. Before leaving Nerac the Prince finds an opportunity to rush to Fleurette and passionately vow he will always love her, never forget her, and as a parting souvenir he leaves her his Vienne.

'Alas!' as the old song says, 'How easily things go wrong.' After some months spent at the Court of Charles IX, Prince Henri returns to Nerac full of new graces, full of new charms, and a heart much touched by the beauties of Catherine de Medici's maids of honour—the lovely Mdlle. de Rebours, d'Ayelle and others. Amongst these great ladies the memory of little Fleurette has grown very dim—if not quite wiped out. But the gardener's daughter has remained unchanged, and though determined not to seek her recalcitrant lover out, still she cannot resist a little show of jealousy. Frequently she sees Henri walking with Mdlle. d'Ayelle in the shady groves of la Garenne, and one day she hides herself close to where they will pass. Taking the Prince's parting gift—the Vienne—with her, she plays a piece he used to love in the sweet past days. Ah! what tender memories the music awakens in his breast! Full of regret for his ingratitude and neglect, Henri seeks the gardener's cottage the following morning, and finding Fleurette alone, takes his Vienne and sings once again the songs they used to sing together:

'Fleurette, tes yeux si doux ont atteint mon âme,
Mon cœur je ne posside plus, il est consommé dans
ma flamme.
Fais le donc revive dans le tien,
Puisque tu a fait mourir le mien.'

Translation.

'Fleurette, my soul thou hast enslaved with eyes
of heavenly blue,
My heart I now no more possess, 'tis lost, all lost
in you.
O! revive this heart of mine,
Since thou hast made it die in thine.'

Fleurette made no reply. 'Why are you silent? I entreat you,' cries Henri. 'Meet me this evening at the fountain of la Garenne!'

'I will be there with your Vienne at 8 o'clock,' replies Fleurette in cold sad tones, 'And then you shall have your reply.'

All through the day the Prince awaits the hour of his appointed meeting, with ill-concealed impatience. Mdlle. d'Ayelle cannot understand his pre-occupied manner, even chaffs him about it, but her pleasantries pass unnoticed. As soon as the wished-for moment arrives, Henri rushes through an old disused door of the chateau, to the fountain. Almost immediately he hears his Vienne, and a gentle voice singing:

'The heart you gave me as a pledge, Henri,
Is nor lost nor thrown aside;
I have found for it a resting place,
I have melted it into mine.'

Had not the Prince been thrilled by the sound of the dear voice which reminded him so vividly of the happy past, he would have observed the note of sadness which underlay the singer's voice. Hastening his footsteps he calls—

'Fleurette! Fleurette!'

No reply Can she be playing with him? Ah! she is speaking.

'O thou light and changing heart, did my tender love merit your contempt?'

At these plaintive words, Henri hurries on faster. 'Fleurette! where are you?'

Deeply he peers into the shadowed glades, crying out her name again and again, but no sound disturbs the silence. At length retracing his footsteps to the fountain, he perceives his Vienne resting upon the edge of the basin, where he and Fleurette had so often sat together. Upon the instrument is a little note and a faded rose pinned by an arrow. Under the sentinel stars the Prince gently unfolds the little sheet of paper and reads: 'I told you I that you would find your Vienne at 8 o'clock by the fountain, and that I would answer you. You have heard me, and perhaps you may have passed near me without seeing me. Turn round . . . search . . . for I am not far! . . . You no longer loved me . . . there was no other way . . . May God forgive me!'

With a sudden instinct that something is wrong, Henri runs to the Chateau, calling out 'Help! Help!' The servants come out to him, and a search for Fleurette is organised. But alas! they are too late. The body of the gardener's daughter is already at the bottom of the fountain, whither she threw herself in her grief. The sweet blue eyes are closed for ever and the gentle soul at rest in heaven.

'The Violinist.'

The Tivadar Nachez Recital.

MR. NACHEZ had no reason to complain of empty benches at his recital on Friday, November 19th, the *Æolian* Hall being very well filled. The artist was in fine form, and his programme, which was mainly made up of excerpts from old-time masters—from Bach to Barbella and Mozart, was excellently chosen. Every opportunity was given to the player for displaying his artistry and breadth of style, and the results in most cases were most happy. An Adagio in E major, by Mozart, deserves special mention. Indeed it was what an enthusiastic

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Mr. HAROLD KETÈLBÉY.





Miss ARMGART ALLEN.

north country reporter once described as 'a veritable *bon vivant*!' The item most in favour with the audience was evidently a *Larghetto* by *Barbella* (played with the mute), which had to be repeated. Opportunities of hearing these solid works played as they ought to be are all too few, and we should be glad to hear Mr. *Nachèz* again in a similar programme. His style is eminently virile, and he was occasionally somewhat unmerciful with his G string, which responded with the inevitable jar on the finger-board, but beyond this there was little room for criticism. It is always interesting to listen to Mr. *Plunket Greene*, who contributed a number of songs of various dates. Needless to say he sang them well, but on this occasion, for some reason or other, he was certainly not at his best.

T.P.

Miss Armgart Allen.

MISS ARMGART ALLEN is an exceedingly fine violinist, who first studied the violin at the Guildhall School of Music; following this she had the advantage of three years under that well-known and painstaking teacher, Mr. Henry Holmes, at the Royal College of Music, where she had great success. Following up her successes here, she went to Germany to study at Frankfurt, and was under the tutelage of Herr Hugo Hermann at the Hochschule. Later returning to London, she studied under the late August Wilhelmj, perhaps the greatest master the world has seen. What a training! What splendid opportunities! That Miss Allen has made much of them anyone can at once see by the masterly fashion of her bowing; that Wilhelmj has taught her one can hear by her superb tone.

Miss Allen now resides in Letchworth, and she has thrown herself heart and soul into the Garden City movement. Indeed, her best friends think that she wastes too much of her wonderful energy in helping any cause connected with the 'Garden City.' Miss Allen is now leading a quartet, the other members of which are Miss Katherine Tudor Pole, second violin; Mrs. Walter Carling, viola; and Mr. Arthur Broadley, 'cello.

We hear that Miss Allen has just been asked to take part in Mr. Broadley's Chamber Concerts, at which quite a number of fine works are to be given.

We produce a portrait of her as one of our plates, and do not think that our readers will be disappointed if they go to Letchworth to hear her or the Quartet, but still better they will learn much, as well as enjoy themselves if they should attend the Chamber Concerts mentioned.

Arthur Broadley.

Arthur Broadley, our great English 'cellist, has, he tells us, given up 'routine' teaching, and now only gives a few special lessons to the more advanced players of the 'cello who are lucky enough to be able to secure his small amount of leisure time. We would draw attention to his change of address, and to the fact that he is going in 'heart and soul' for solo work. He has started a string quartet at Letchworth, and is giving three concerts there straight away.

Harold Ketelby.

At the Bechstein Hall, on November 26th, Ketelby was at his best in his second violin recital, with Joseph Holbrooke at the piano. The items were of great interest, especially (1) *Sonatina*, for violin and piano, by J. Holbrooke; (3) *Bruch's Scottish Fantasie*; (5) *Wieniawski's Concerto* in D minor; (7) (a) *Arensky's Berceau*, (b) *Carl Bohm's Papillon*. Miss Amy Durant was the vocalist.

Miss Jean Marcel.

At the *Æolian Hall*, on November 23rd, under the patronage of H.R.H. Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, Miss Jean Marcel gave a remarkable 'cello recital. She plays finely, with a great command of her instrument, and is to be reckoned with as exponent of the highest art on her instrument. In the programme, which was splendidly rendered, were (1) *Haydn's Sonata* in C; (3) *Lalo's Concerto*; (5) *Emmanuel Moor's Sonata*, for 'cello and piano (first time in London); (6) (a) 'Träumerei,' by Schumann, (b) *Popper's Tarantelle*.

Notes on Violinists.

Leon Sametini played the *Adagio* and *Rondo* from L. Spohr's Ninth Concerto finely at the Bechstein Hall, at Miss Ada Crossley's concert.

Szigetti was never in better fettle than at the 'All Star' Party concert, given in the Crystal Palace. He is one of the violinists whose following is an ever increasing one.

Miss Jean Marcel gave us one of those interesting 'cello recitals which we are glad to see are more and more given serious attention—the number of amateur 'cellists is a constantly increasing quantity. *Haydn's Sonata* in C was beautifully given, and *The Lalo Concerto* was brilliantly rendered.

Eddy Brown, the American prodigy, has appeared twice at the Queen's Hall. The *Beethoven Concerto* and *Tartini's Sonata* were given at the first, and *Max Bruch's Concerto* in G and the *Lalo Symphony* at the second. His tone has much enlarged since he made his first appearance here.

Lady Hallé rules as of yore, and appeared in the eighth concert of the Classical Society at Bechstein Hall. Messrs. L. Borwick, T. Morris, Frank Bridge, Percy Such, C. Winterbottom, M. Gomez, A. Borsdorf, and E. F. James appeared in Schubert's Octet. Mozart's Sonata in A major and Brahms's Trio in A flat were also given.

Mischa Elman has advanced wonderfully. At the Queen's Hall he gave Dvorák's Concerto in A minor, Bruch's Scottish Fantasia, and the Beethoven Concerto.

Tivadar Nachèz gave a recital, at the Aeolian Hall, of 'Old-world Music,' by early Italian masters, described by historians as the 'Zorf' period. All were beautifully given. Sir Hubert Parry's Suite in F major was given, and the violinist's own arrangement of Paganini's Caprice.

R. Bauerkeller, with Miss E. Ingleton, gave a charming recital in the Salle Erard, at which Grieg's Sonata in C minor, Bach's Airs on the G string, and Paganini's 'Moto Perpetuo' were given.

M. Mischa Elman's Farewell Concert.

PREVIOUS to his American tour, Elman delighted a large and discriminating audience by playing Lalo's 'Symphonie Espagnole,' part of Bach's third Solo Sonata, and that by Händel in D major. Following these were Melodie by Glück from 'Orfeo,' transcribed by Wilhelmj, a German dance by K. Dittersdorf (1739-1799), a Minuet in G major, and a Gavotte by Gossec (1739-1829). These were played with that perfection of style to which we are accustomed but with an added breadth of tone which shows that miracles occasionally do happen, for what we regarded before as perfect has been improved!

The last three pieces are published by the Frederick Harris Company, and are arranged by Burnester.

Following these were 'Faust Fantasia,' by Wieniawski, Schubert's 'Ave Maria' (Wilhelmj), most beautifully played, and 'Di tanti palpiti,' Paganini. We thought the best performances were the Lalo, although only played with piano accompaniment, and the Händel Sonata. The Bach excerpt coming immediately after the Lalo was not played quite coldly enough, as was, indeed, but natural. But it really is time that Gounod's 'Faust' was given a long rest, with many more fireworks, which violinists seem erroneously to think the public want, but which to an artist of Elman's calibre, long known to be a master of technique, are a waste of time.

The violin he played upon was very fine and it had a more powerful tone than an Antonio Stradivari, was it a Lorenzo Guadagnini?

M. Elman received a tremendous ovation at the close and was repeatedly encered. All our readers will wish him a great success on his tour and a speedy return.

Quartets.

By ALAIN NICHOLSON.

The Flonzaley Quartet, consisting of Messrs. Betti, Pochon, Ara, and D'Archambeau, gave their last concert at the Bechstein Hall, of all-world music, when the programme consisted of quartets by Mozart, Beethoven, and Haydn. We wish them a quick return.

The St. Petersburg Quartet gave a brilliant conclusion to their series at the Bechstein Hall, when quartets by Taneieff and Tchaikovsky were finely rendered. The former work was in C major, and a simple melody which reminds us of classical compositions, the latter work was in D major. Beethoven's in D major was also given.

The Walenn Quartet, at the Aeolian Hall, on November 19th, gave a new Miniature Suite, by Dr. H. Walford Davies, for strings in G major. The work is based on Barrie's 'Little White Bird,' which describes Peter Pan's dream by the Serpentine. Haydn's Quartet in D major was also finely given.

The Wessely Quartet gave Frank Bridge's Fantasie in F, César Franck's Quartet in F minor, and Schubert's Quintet in C major found them at their best. Bridge's grave and gay melodies were beautifully given.

The Solly String Quartet, at the Bechstein Hall, consisting of Misses H. Solly, S. Maturin, B. Tressler, and M. Izard, gave A. Roussel's Sonata in D minor, and M. Ravel's Quartet in F major—types of the ultra-modern school in France. They were finely rendered and have a distinct charm. A good rendering of Max Reger's difficult Trio in E minor was given.

The Schwiller Quartet made their first appearance at the Aeolian Hall, and we look forward to much from them. They more than fulfilled our expectations. Mr. Vaughan Williams's Quartet in G minor had a first performance, and we ask why has he taken the same road that Sir Charles Stanford took in the 'Ode to Discord'?

The Langley-Mukle Quartet gave us a most enjoyable time at Miss Henkel's concert. French composers' works were the feature, E. Chanson's Quartet for piano and strings being finely rendered.

The Holland String Quartet assisted at Mme. Leyton Garbert's recital.

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MISCHA ELMAN.



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Notatu Dignum.

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Notes of the Month.

By ALAIN NICHOLSON.

We had the pleasure of a chat with Mr. Walter Reynolds, who has for five years monopolized the two-steps at Blackpool, in the great palace of music and dancing there. In our Music Folio we give a notice of some of his latest successes! We might also mention 'Baby's Park Parade,' Mr. John Tiller's great success, for which arrangements have also been made at other towns, such as Bradford, Sheffield, Liverpool, etc. At the Tower Pavilion, 'The Ontario' Two-step, 'Saucy Sally' Two-step, 'The Funniosity' Lancers, and 'On the Rink,' novelty skating Waltz, hold supreme sway.' It should be noted that for a long time Mr. Reynolds's productions have always had a prominent place on the programme, with never less than two performed.

Brighton is nothing if not to the front. 'The latest' is a new Home of Music at No. 167, North Street. The Secretary is Miss Alice Field-Comber. The name implies much, namely, 'The Modern School of Instrumental Music with Lyric and Dramatic Singing.' The staff is composed of London and local professors, and as this comes into print we believe the School is to have a great send-off at the Dome, of which we hope to give some account. The Professors are Messrs. Paul Corder, Wilcox-Lawrance, Arthur Walenn, Howard Jones, Gilbert Ledger, Trowell, Charles Hector, and Madame L. Guinett, with Misses Field-Comber, Maud Bond, Ella

Webb, Dora Houghton, Rita Robinson. Prospectuses may be had on application.

Mr. H. Scott-Baker, of St. Mark's, Notting Hill, a rising composer as well as capable organist, pianist and teacher, has just issued two songs through Messrs. Ascherberg & Co. The first, 'Love o' Mine,' has been sung by Messrs. John Bardsley and Ivor Foster, and the second, 'Life and Love,' by Messrs. Ben Davies and Ivor Foster. The airs are well arranged, with suitable accompaniment, and the words are by Mr. Hugh E. Wright. Price 1/6 each.

We hear that Willy Burmeister has had the misfortune to let fall his Strad on the concert platform, about the end of November, at Koenigshutte in Germany. The instrument was broken to pieces.

At Mr. Godfrey Nutting's recital, of his own compositions, two movements of Hamilton Harty's Violin Concerto were well executed by Szigetti.

At the concert given by The Strolling Players, at Queen's Hall, Miss May Mukle played the 'Cello Concerto by Dvorák, besides one or two other minor pieces.

Miss Nadia Sylva excelled herself at the Chappell Ballad Concert, on Saturday, November 6th, and it is well worth while going to one of their concerts if only to hear her.

At the Royal Amateur Orchestral Society, on the 10th, Eddy Brown was the soloist in Mendelssohn's Concerto.

Madame Noordewier, the famous Dutch soprano and Lieder-singer, made her first appearance in England at the concert of the Classical Concert Society, at Bechstein Hall, on Wednesday afternoon, November 24th. She sang the well-known Aria from Bach's 'Pfingstcantata,' Recitative and Aria from Handel's 'Acis and Galatea,' and two groups of songs by Schubert and Brahms. The programme also included Mozart's Pianoforte Trio in E major, Tartini's 'Trillo del Diavolo' Sonata, and Dvorák's Pianoforte Quartet in E flat, with Lady Hallé, Mr. Donald Francis Tovey, Mr. Frank Bridge, and Percy Such as the executants.

In view of the enormous success of the performances of the Russian Balalaika Orchestra at the London Coliseum, M. Andreeff, the conductor, has found it necessary to arrange for the supply of his instruments in this country, in response to the numerous enquiries he has received. Messrs. Breitkopf & Härtel, of 54, Great Marlborough Street, London, W., announce that they have taken over the sole selling rights for the genuine instruments as used by M. Andreeff's Orchestra, and lessons on these instruments can be obtained at their

studios. Full particulars may be had on application to them.

The East Grinstead Orchestral Society gave a creditable concert at the Parish Hall, on December 8th, and excelled themselves. The programme contained such items as 'March Militaire' and 'B minor Symphony' of Schubert, Ballet music to 'Faust,' 'Poet and Peasant' overture (Suppé), Bach's Double Concerto. Mr. Best's and Miss Sealy's success were the features of the evening, Mr. N. E. Hope conducting finely. The hall was quite filled by a musical and appreciative audience.

Paul Dukas's new symphony in C major was finely given at Queen's Hall by the Queen's Hall Orchestra. It is a vigorous spirited work, of which perhaps the first movement is the best.

Ernest Schelling, of New Jersey, U.S.A., had his Fantastic Suite given finely by the London Symphony Orchestra at Queen's Hall. It was natural and effective and full of imagination, although it did not strain the mentality of the listener. The last movement, we think, suffered from the introduction of airs such as 'Dixie Land,' 'Yankee Doodle,' and 'Swanee River,' although many like the melodies of the first and last.

Miss Janet Wheeler gave a delightful pianoforte recital, on November 29th, at the Aeolian Hall. Beethoven's Sonata in F sharp major, op. 78, and Sonata No. 2, in D minor, op. 31, with Schubert's Fantasie in G minor, op. 78, Impromptu No. 1 in C minor, op. 90, and Impromptu No. 1 in F minor, op. 142, gave no difficulty to the accomplished artist.

Miss Mathilde Verne gave her only piano recital at the Bechstein Hall, on December 1st, when she excelled in the Moonlight Sonata and Schumann. Other items on the programme were from Bach, Mozart, Mendelssohn, Brahms, Chopin, and Paderewski.

Sinding's new Suite, for violin and piano, was given at the second Barns-Phillips concert at Bechstein Hall, for the first time in London. The Suite is in G minor, in four movements, and is pleasant and melodious. The allegro is fresh and animated, the allegretto sparklingly bright, the andante lively and sentimental. At the same concert Miss Ethel Barns gave some of her own compositions, two for the first time, an 'Andante on the G string,' and a 'Humoresque.'

At the Steinway Hall a first performance of Gretchaninow's Trio in C minor, for violin, 'cello, and piano, was given at Mine. Henkel's third concert. The programme was entirely composed of Russian music. The last move-

ment of the Trio was characteristically national.

Our readers will kindly note that our last issue contained an article on Heinrich Dittmar, which should have read 'that he was two years at Weimar, and with Sevcik for six months.' 'Floris Em. Ondricek' should have read 'Floris,' also we understand that Ernest Rutledge was not a pupil of his. Herr Dittmar now holds the professorship for the violin in the College of Music at Lincoln, of which college H.R.H. the Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein is the patron.

In the article on Slav National Songs in our September number, we referred those desirous of learning more to the works of Professor W. R. Morfill, M.A., F.B.A., Phil. Doc. of Prague Bohemian University. Early last month this eminent author, historian, and philologist passed away at his residence at Oxford. We had the honour of his friendship for many years, and owe more than we can express to his encouragement and advice in Slavonic studies. From the obituary notice by a master hand in the 'Oxford Magazine' of November 18th we gather that Professor Morfill's father was a professional musician and a noted violinist of Maidstone.

F.P.M.

Auction Prices.

At Messrs. Glendining & Co.'s Argyll Galleries, on November 24th, the following prices were realized:

Violins by Paul Bailly £3 17s. 6d., P. F. Montegatia £4 5s., Pressenda £4 12s. 6d., N. Gagliano £8 15s., Sebastian Klotz £7 7s., Joseph Rocca £3 5s., Vincenzo Panormo £14 10s., Giovani Grancino £3, Santaguliano £4, Joseph and Antonius Gagliano £10 10s., Gaetano Guadagnini £24, Claude Pierry, 1720, £6 15s., Gabrielli School, with bow £5, L. Widhalm £6 5s., Melegari £3 7s. 6d., Claude Pierry £11 10s., labelled Storioni, with two bows £4 15s., W. Smith, and bow £5 15s.

Violas by Betts £3 15s., David Tecchler, original label, guaranteed by Messrs. W. E. Hill & Sons, £40.

Cellos by Forster £8 15s., Bernard Fendt, with certificate of Messrs. Hart & Son, £23.

A very fine gold mounted violin bow by Francois Tourte, with Messrs. W. E. Hill & Sons' guarantee stating it to be an exceptionally fine stick by this maker, £9 5s.

Violin case by W. E. Hill & Sons £3 5s.

'Beethoven.'

AT His Majesty's Theatre, M. René Fauchois' absorbing tragedy, or psychological study, under this title rivets attention, mainly through the masterly acting of Sir H. Tree. But all interested in music should see it, as the life of the great genius is thus brought home more surely. It is terrible. First we have Beethoven desperately in love with Giulietta Guicciardi, who has to marry a titled person to please her father, and so his unhappiness proceeds; in the second act we find him getting deaf and deaf, the scene culminates in his total deafness, which was forecasted in the first act; and in the last act we see the death scene, when he conducts an imaginary orchestra. All his children—those of his brain, he had no others—the symphonies—appear before him, notably the ninth, and console him. He dies during a terrific thunderstorm.

It is not so much the dramatic interest in the ordinarily accepted sense of that term, but the growing tragedy that is awful. Gleams of comfort are given by the constant and affectionate friend and secretary, Schindler (Mr. H. Ainley), and of bitterness by his brother, a purse-proud apothecary.

The play is lavishly mounted, even to a piano (lent by Broadwood), of the right period (1809-27), but not overdone. The music, entirely from the master's works, is under the able bâton of Mr. Landon Ronald, and very creditable it all is.

When his love-scene is in progress we hear as symbols 'The Moonlight' (orchestrated by Schmid) and the C minor symphony, 'Thus fate knocks at the door,' of which sketches were given, and as an entr'acte the first movement intact. In the second act motifs from 'the ninth,' 'Adelaide,' and the string quartet No. 9 (op. 59), make themselves rather felt than heard. The entr'acte is the 'Coriolanus' overture. Then in the last act, all the nine symphonies are drawn upon, and the consoling 'Ode to Joy,' from 'the ninth,' is given. So 'requiescat in pace,' O turbulent soul.

A tribute is paid to the Philharmonic Society (London) for sending the stricken composer £100 shortly before his death, and thus saving him from actual starvation. This Society has also lent—on view in the foyer (where tea is also to be had), the scores of 'the ninth' and the overture in C sharp major with the titles in the master's autograph; two MSS, (a) pencil, (b) pencil inked over; the invitation card to Beethoven's funeral; half a laurel leaf (framed) from a wreath placed on his grave at the funeral; photographs of his skull; replica of the original

bust by Professor Schaller; reprints of letters from the master asking the help of the Society, etc.

Thus our readers will see that a solemn musical pilgrimage must be made by them when the piece comes on again after the Christmas festivities are over.

In conclusion, it would add a fascinating touch for connoisseurs of the great Cremonese art if genuine instruments similar to those he possessed were, visible on the stage, the originals of which bore Beethoven's seal and a large B, e.g., a Joseph Guarnerius del Jesu (violin, 1718), one more feather in the cap of this king of makers; a Nicolas Amati (violin, 1667); a Vincenzo Rugerius (viola, 1670); and a 'cello by Andrea Guarnerius (about 1697).

The 'cello which lay in a corner of the stage was a screaming red French thing, a slur on the master's fine taste. But no doubt owners of such treasures would not care to have them on a stage, so that is, perchance, not possible. At any rate a modern-looking instrument need not be there.

We think this is Sir H. Tree's greatest triumph as one absolutely loses the actor in his impersonation of Beethoven.

Joseph Holbrooke's Pierrot and Pierrette.

By CÆSAR.

Pierrot	...	Mr. Albert Archdeacon.
Pierrette	...	Miss Esta D'argo.
The Nurse	...	Katherine Jones.
The Stranger	...	Mr. Leon de Sousa.

ON November 11th a most unusual event occurred; an incident which alas, is far too rare in this land where opera is held of small account, unless one considers that social gathering which takes place at Covent Garden each summer. Here of course the same repertory, for the most part Italian, is brought forward for the delectation of the *habitués* of our one and only Opera House, year after year, partly owing to the fact that a few pet singers do not care to study new roles and perhaps also, because, this social gathering does not wish its cerebral organization taxed with music that demands any very serious thought. Novelties are very seldom mounted; and even when they are, we are introduced to a work which has been performed long ago, in every continental opera house worth mentioning. A work by a native musician, would be quite sufficient guarantee, for an empty house. Not so long ago, expectation ran high, regarding an English opera produced at this institution—it was that unfortunate prize opera—we all remember this unhappy and dismal affair. At all events

it brought us home to the fact, that the cause of our native art is damned at Covent Garden for many a year to come. It was therefore a cause of great delight to those who have some regard for our very downtrodden native composers, when it was announced that Mr. Joseph Holbrooke's 'Pierrot and Pierrette,' was to be produced under the auspices of 'the Afternoon Theatre' at His Majesty's. This was the unusual event to which I refer; so unusual was it indeed, that the majority of the very few genuine music lovers in London—stayed away. Instead, the theatre was well filled with a motley crowd of persons, who apparently, cannot have realised, for what purpose they had really come, as they seemed to have done their utmost to distract the attention of the few, who were anxious to hear and appreciate the music, by an incessant chatter, which leads me to believe that the free list was a long one. How gratifying all this must have been to a musician of such serious aims as Mr. Holbrooke.

'Pierrot and Pierrette' is a charming little work, more so from the musical point of view, for the libretto leaves much to be desired. There is practically no plot to speak of, it is briefly this.—We are shown an old-world garden—Pierrette steals across the garden in an attitude of listening, and pauses near a door, through which Pierrot presently enters. A love scene ensues which is only interrupted by the nurse, a kind of allegorical personage who makes frequent excursions across the back of the stage. Later, a stranger makes an abrupt appearance; he fascinates Pierrot, and lures him away to the frivolities of the town, Pierrette is left disconsolate. In the second act the stranger returns, having gained access to the garden, by bribing the nurse with gold. It naturally follows, that he makes love to Pierrette who spurns him, and he leaves her in great anger. Soon after Pierrot returns, dejected walking feebly and looking ill—the joys of the town appear to have done him no good—He is repentant, despair gives way to joy, and events are brought to a happy conclusion.—There is scarcely any action whatever in the scheme, and if it were not for the music, the interest would often drag. The prelude is an exquisite little piece of writing for strings only. Personally I felt that Mr. Holbrooke might have rendered the tempo a little slower; it certainly would have enhanced its beauty.

There is some fine music in that which follows, but the vocalists did not make the best of their opportunities; their acting too, was so poor that once or twice they came perilously near the ridiculous. The arms of Pierrette (Miss Esta D'argo) apparently

worried her, for she would insist upon keeping them in a continuous state of movement, much to the detriment of some of the composer's finest moments; and there were many of these. I might mention the duet, between Pierrot and Pierrette in the first act—"Moonlight"—also when the stranger lures Pierrot away towards the close of this act. The second part however, contains the most dramatic music, it is that of a calibre which not many composers can easily produce. We have always been accustomed to Mr. Holbrooke's large orchestral demands, but there is no gainsaying, that he is equally at home with much smaller means at his disposal. Small and light in conception as this little music drama is, the composer as usual, shows that mastery in his work to which we have always been accustomed. The orchestral texture is brilliant; and the use of the 'much discussed' concertinas, is to be commended; they create a decidedly good effect and are a valuable addition to the orchestral palette. Mr. Albert Archdeacon gave a very creditable account of the music assigned to Pierrot, Miss Esta D'argo sang the role of Pierrette well, and the part of the nurse was exceedingly well rendered by Miss Katherine Jones. Of Mr. Leon de Sousa who portrayed the stranger, I cannot speak with much praise. As before mentioned the acting left much to be desired, but apart from these shortcomings Mr. Holbrooke who conducted secured a good all-round performance on the two occasions when I was present. I understand however that the final representation was even better, and this reflects no end of credit on the composer, for the means at his disposal, were certainly not all that he must have wished for.

From an artistic point of view, 'Pierrot and Pierrette' is a success, but the apathy of the audiences, must have been distinctly trying to the composer. Will the English nation ever realise their duty towards their native composers. The sickly and sentimental ballad permeates the atmosphere of our homes; musical comedy and the actor-manager rules the stage; our one and only opera house is practically given up to the caprices and fads of a vacuous fashionable public with full purses and empty skulls. In fact, anything serious and of a high order in music or the drama usually spells ruin to its propagator, unless he be backed up by the Throgmorton Street element.

This is indeed a dreadful state of affairs to contemplate—it would appear that men like Holbrooke are making use of their magnificent gifts in vain. 'British Composer'! what a comedy it all is,

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Answers to Correspondents.

The Editor will be pleased to answer questions
in anyway relating to music, the string world or its
personalities. All letters to—The Editor, 'The
Cremona,' No. 3, Amen Corner, E.C.

V. of V.—The O.P.C. is a Society, not a Company, of
British composers.

B.—We only know of the Stainer Manufacturing Co.,
and think Stainer strings must be theirs.

BREVE, Manchester.—Yes, G. A. Chanot is related to
J. Chanot and F. W. Chanot, in fact, they are
three brothers. We know that J. makes his
violins throughout, and they are very fine. We
have seen beautiful work by him, and also some
fine work by his brother F. W., but personally
have not seen any instrument made by G. A.

INQUIRER.—We believe Elman plays on two instru-
ments, which he always has with him, an Amati
and a Strad. If you look in our columns in this
issue or next, we hope to supply fuller information
than this answer.

W. K., Kensington.—If you want to know more about
the old masters, you cannot do better than consult
the authority, Hart's book on the subject.

U., Sittingbourne.—Yes, the case illustrated gives the
very latest improvements known in the fiddle
world.

Answers to Correspondents

(Continued).

P. P.—Holbrooke's vocal score can be obtained at No. 22, Leicester Square. See footnote in our last.

SMITH, Newcastle.—Yes, in the 'Tribune Musicala' there was an article on Strad. in Roumania.

RECTOR.—Isaac Pitman's 'Rood Screens and Rood Lofts' is a wonderful work. Replete with illustrations. It gives a complete list of all in England, and deals especially with the west of England, i.e., Cornwall and Devon. They are publishing some musical works now, also they have a fine work on Oxford and Cambridge.

D. Brixton.—Try Hart.

S.—Hart, J.; Chanot, J. and A. Beare, The Stainer Co., can all be trusted for strings.

R., Sheffield.—This year the weather has been so bad, damp and moist, with wet winds, that strings have not had nearly the length of life usual. It is not the fault of the makers.

L., Poole.—Yes, the opinion of our advertiser you mention is quite reliable. He is a specialist and expert. If you want a corroborative opinion, you cannot do better than go to London and to Hart.

R. E. G.—Write H. F. Gosling, editor of the 'Oberon Journal,' Ilford. See Cut Leaves last issue. It is a good little paper, with a fine portrait in the first issue we reviewed.

T.—No, don't.

W.—The scrolls appeared in our October issue.

F., Hampstead.—Nadia Sylva is English, go and hear her. She is the feature of the Chappell Concerts.

X.—We have not heard of Colbertson lately.

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The Orchestral Player.

By H. F. GOSLING.

(Concluded from page 134).

The fundamental principle underlying the idea of the orchestra is that of a connected whole made up of separate units or links. The players are the units and form between them the orchestra, which is represented as a whole in the unit of the conductor. He is responsible for the orchestra and the players which form it, therefore one of the first habits to be acquired is that of considering oneself as part of a whole, and under the control of one. *SELF* must be lost in *ALL*; each player is a link in the chain, and every link is necessary. Each has a part to play and it must be played as part of a harmonious whole. The player must sink himself and realize the music in its double medium of expressing the composer and the conductor's reading, therefore the brain and soul of every member must be given in an orchestra. To the ignorant, the exact movement of the violin bows, uniformly up and down, at the command of a stick, may seem like a machine, but it is a machine of sympathy, pulsating with life blood. The individual player may be one of many, as I have already stated, but he uses his personal feeling and skill.

Orchestral work is never beneath the notice of a true artist. If one player should have a solo assigned to him, then the others ought to appear less in importance than the soloist. The merging of the individual players in the orchestra is one of the first ideas to be borne in mind. Technique is often allowed to eclipse other considerations. Is this correct? It is certainly necessary that a certain proficiency is expected, especially with the wood-wind and brass, to whom more solos are assigned, but technique is not everything. An orchestra composed of virtuosos, but entirely unused to *ensemble* playing, would present a very unsatisfactory rendering however good the conductor. If, however, these players were to acquire the other habits requisite in an orchestral player, then their technique would be a wonderful advantage. Let it be plainly understood that I do not mean to state that technique is of no great importance, for it is a very strong factor in the difficult rendering of our modern composers' works. Speaking of technique reminds me of a good story which may illustrate the amount of technique possessed by an amateur bass player who played under Sir Michael Costa. He had been sawing away at his instrument, and just as Costa neared his desk,

a professional who played with the amateur remarked, 'I do not think you are quite in tune *now*.' To which the amateur replied, having pressed his fingers down hard upon the strings, 'Oh, I never make them any tighter than that.' But apart from the ability of execution one must possess a musical taste and ear.

The trials which are borne by conductors from some amateur players are wicked. The following anecdote will show the simplicity or lack of musical ear in some. Sir Michael Costa had been engaged as conductor of a musical festival at Bradford, and was greatly disappointed when, on beginning the rehearsals, he was told that certain local performers must be admitted to his splendidly trained orchestra, otherwise those musicians would be exceedingly insulted. Poor Sir Michael was forced to yield, but the result justified his fears—the mistakes made by these outsiders led to awful scenes. At one rehearsal a player indulged in some wrong notes, and the conductor's stick instantly tapped a cessation of the performance. 'I beg your pardon, sir,' said he, 'your copy must be wrong. You played the wrong notes.' 'Well, Mr. Costa,' owned the gentleman addressed, 'it's all right. I played a *hef* and it should be a *hee*.' At another time a local gentleman had evidently departed very far from his copy, and Costa with his quick 'tap-tap' stopped his progress, and said quietly, 'Sir, your copy must be wrong—you are playing the wrong notes. Have you the right place?' 'Yes sir,' owned the poor offender, 'this is the piece.' 'In four flats, is it not?' 'Yes sir.' 'Yes sir—in A flat major.' 'Well yer see, Mr. Costa, awm bound ter tell yer that in ma part o' t' country, where I coom from, yer know, these fower flats, some plays 'em and some doesn't. I doesn't.'

The want of care is a frequent source of trouble in an orchestra. The conductor finds that his players are all at sea as regards the *tempo*, the cause being found to be the second violins which are out a beat, owing to the principal taking up his lead a beat too late. Carelessness again.

I remember a very disastrous blunder at a large choral concert. The orchestra was composed of amateurs and professionals; the tympani player was unable at the last minute to put in an appearance, so obligingly sent an amateur friend to occupy his place. During the performance of the work a huge chorus was sung which immediately on cessation was taken up as a solo by the principal tenor, who was a notable singer. The chorus part was *fortissimo*, and after about a hundred and

ten bars was reinforced by twenty bars of drum roll until the finish. The obliging tympani player, trusting to his musical ear, and out of sight of the audience, rather than worry himself with counting the vast number of bars rest, amused himself by reading the evening paper; the consequence being that he came in two bars late, and therefore when the chorus had finished and the solo tenor burst into his solo, he was accompanied by several bars of a thunderous roll on the tympani, the unconscious and obliging player doing his duty according to his own ideas. I leave you to imagine the scene which took place afterwards.

No one can afford to be careless. All have a useful part, though seemingly insignificant, that may determine the success of the piece. Another important item in the orchestral player's equipment is a cool head. Because a page presents the appearance of a check waistcoat there is no need to rush blindly and try to cram in all the notes in half the time. Go calmly to work and apportion the right number of notes to each beat, those that you cannot get in leave out. It is a very common fault with beginners in the orchestra to lose their heads on simple passages because they look difficult; besides, if a player should find himself at fault, it is not safe to go rushing away in the hope of finding the others, but when such happens, he should play softly and wait to catch the cue from the conductor.

An even temper is a great help to the player; the conductor may be mistaken and reprobate him for a fault he has not committed, or could not help; he may even get sarcastic and try to raise a laugh against that member. Blessed is he who can command his temper on these occasions.

Orchestral playing is not always ideal work; the weary repetition of what he knows for those who do not, the constant waste of time while dullards are made, to repeat passages until sufficient proficiency has been obtained for the rehearsal to proceed. Wearying rehearsals under cantankerous conductors who do not know their own minds, and what they do know are quite incompetent to impart; those who are so irritable and so exacting at times, as to destroy all pleasure and sympathy with the music. Then for the professional there is the wear, tear and worry of an orchestral life; the servant of the public, who, when his hand and eye fail, cease to think any further of him; and again, the low salaries of many orchestral players, the lack of home life, out night after night, much as they love music, there must come a time when many long for the delights of home. In many cases

the first-class amateur is certainly placed in a position to love music and advance its cause to a great extent.

In all orchestras, both amateur and professional, one finds good and bad characters. There are those who, on the appointment of a new conductor, try to insinuate to him that his predecessor was not all to be desired, either musically or otherwise. Also those who are members of other orchestras, and attend more for the purpose of annexing any useful players who may be induced to attend another society; thus on practice nights the conductor finds some of his important instrumental players away, the latter thinking that he has been acquainted with their absence. I have no objection to members of one orchestra helping another, but when such is the case, the conductor of the orchestra which requires help should notify the conductor of the players whose help he requires, not send a secret service man down to capture them and trust to luck whether the players inform their own conductor. These are the ones to keep at a distance. Those who do their duty quietly and conscientiously and are the reverse of forward may be mostly relied upon.

To conclude, I would say to both amateurs and professionals—elevate art and art will elevate you. Do your best and you will be amply repaid by the pleasure it will afford you and others. At some future time I may write about the amateur versus the professional player.

Our Music Folio.

Under this heading occasional reviews of music will appear.

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Published by **The Orchestral Publishing Co. (or Composers' Society)**, No. 22, Leicester Square, W.C.

We have received the following in the O.P.C. edition.

'Serenade Italienne,' for piano, by Lewis Walter. 1/4 nett. The allegretto scherzando of this is particularly effective.

'On Venice Waters,' song by Woods G. Hubi-Newcombe, music by Henri Bonnaire. A very charming song, the music is well worthy of Mons. Bonnaire's reputation.

'The Bells of St. Ann's,' gavotte for piano, by Herbert H. Hainton. A distinctly good gavotte that should appeal to all fancy dancers.

Published by **Hawkes & Son**, Denman Street, Piccadilly, W.

'The Coon and the Moon,' by A. Serpieri. A serenade two-step. One of the best two-steps of the year, no dancer should be without it. Piano 2/- nett. It can be had for full or small orchestra.

'The Piccadilly Quadrilles,' by Karl Kaps. Price 2/-. Written on popular orchestral successes. A fine set for a dancer, we wish they were in greater vogue.

Published by **Novello & Co., Ltd.**, Wardour Street, London, W.

Morris Dances have been saved by the sincere artistic work of a few specialists on this subject. Until the revival they were growing less and less, but now they have been made, we should say, a dance for all time by Cecil J. Sharp and Herbert C. Macilwarne.

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'Organ Tutor,' by Haydn Keston, Mus. Doc. Oxon. 2/- nett. This is a book very suitable for beginners, especially for use in churches. Exercises are arranged for manual and pedal, single and together, and hints given on chants and hymn-tunes and how to play them.

Published by **Price & Reynolds**, 41, Berners Street, W.

'Pantomime Songs for 1909-10. This is a wonderful collection and the songs may be had separately if desired. The music is by such well-known names as H. Finck, E. St. Quentin, A. Glover, S. Baynes, etc.

'The Rinkeries Lancers,' arranged by Tom Gaggs. Price 6d. nett. A really popular set of lancers containing well-known tunes such as 'Dance of the Teddy Bears,' etc.

'Skating,' novelty two-step, invented by A. E. Brown, B.A.T.B., composed by J. H. Greenhalgh. Price 6d. nett. This is good and the steps are given for dancing and rinking.

'Valse La Reine,' new promenade waltz, invented by A. E. Brown, B.A.T.B., music by J. H. Greenhalgh. A good dance, the steps being given.

'On the Rink,' invented by J. H. Bickerstaffe, music by Lewis Hana. Price 6d. nett. This is a novelty skating waltz and a novelty dance. All the steps are given fully.

'Aviation Waltz.' A novelty waltz especially composed for Aviation week, invented by J. H. Bickerstaffe, music by Mark Jerome. Price 6d.

'Saucy Sally.' A military two-step, by Henri Duprét. This has been the success of last season and is still in great demand. Price 4/-.

All the above dances and skating dances have held their sway at Blackpool, the place of their birth.

F. Kessler.

(Notes of an interview by A.R.)

IN THE CREMONA, No. 10 (i.e., vol. 1, p. 110), is an interesting notice (with a portrait) by Mr. A. Nicholson, of this brilliant young composer's work. At the end of the article is a long list of works, but Kessler tells me that he has destroyed a few of his early works, and he does not now-a-days use a key signature.

For the latter I told him I was profoundly grateful, because his writing is so chromatic that the key signature becomes a farce. But I am sorry to hear of the destruction of early

works—especially that for strings—as it is interesting to study the development of an artistic creator.

He tells me he is busy scoring a dramatic poem based on Byron's 'Parisina,' for a very full orchestra, which I hope to hear shortly, as his work is surely making its way both in this country and abroad. The English, indeed, move slowly, and severely handicap works of the calibre of Kessler's by reason of the complete absence of commonplace tunes. Go to a ballad concert and see how any, even average, composition fares there. Well, the order of things changeth, and I am glad to see that popular taste is improving, and the ballad concerts are not so crowded as they were, so for small mercies, those who really care for music, must be grateful.

Kessler also tells me that he is writing a short work for eight-part chorus and orchestra, to the verse of a new writer, which, of course, I was not allowed to see. One is a kind of meditation, and another has a religious cast, so we may expect something very unusual. He was, however, good enough to let me take a copy of the following, by Ernest Laurance, which he recently used as a basis for some programme music.

Night.

The lengthening shadows from the ancient trees, herald the approach of mystic eve. Softly fades the dying light, as night its victory claims; and o'er, the jewels of Heaven, one by one appear. The singing of the birds is mute. Slowly rippling, by, the brook kisses the reed-clad bank. Grand in its solitude, the moor sleeps in dewy quiet. The world of toil is hushed to rest.

'Tis night! the enchanted hour, when love's young heart throbs with wild desire, and in enraptured accents vows, the love! the love! that never fades or dies. Then, enslaved by impulse, he caresses those long tresses like threads of fine spun gold, and in impassioned tones proclaims—'As the frenzied summer storm, that will be denied nought; as the flashing fork of lightning splits the giant oak asunder; as the triumphant peals of thunder rend God's Heaven; as blinding blasts of hail beat down the crops—such is my love.'

The moon ascends in silvery splendour, from behind the line of hills, casting a light, like the ray from the lamp in a pagan temple, pale and sacred; while the fragrance of the sweet air rustles through the perfumed wood, as distant chanting of priests singing 'Glory in the highest.'

Thus Nature in her sweetest mood reposes. Sleep on, fair world, wrapped in your moon-beam glory, dreaming of love.

A Song of the Twilight.

Bathed in the mellow light, far stretch the fields of golden corn; crimson poppies nod their heads as if to say 'Good Night.' The bird trills forth its even song; wild flowers diffuse their scented breath into the still and silent air. As like a golden orb of fire, the sun sets in the western sky; and lengthening shadows stretch across the verdant fields.

A mill wheel churns the village stream into a froth of white. Quiet reposes in the air. 'It is a summer night.' The stars scintillating like rarest gems, reflect their image on the mere. Nature, in her gentlest mood, fills the world with dulcet sounds of rest; for day has changed to dew-born eve, 'the hour of love.'

A Summer Dream.

In sunlit glade, beneath the forest tree, reclines a nymph-like maid, with tresses of raven hue. Her flesh, as white as the water lily bloom, which floats upon the surface of the translucent lake sparkling at her feet; her lips, as red as a summer aster; her eyes like iridescent dewdrops in the light. The aroma of her breath pervades the surrounding ether. Butterflies gorgeous in their dazzling colour flit lazily from flower to flower, sipping luscious nectar.

Strolling past, a shepherd, attired in his rough sheepskin garment, haltingly enters upon the peaceful sylvan scene. His gaze falling on the recumbent figure, fills his strong heart with love, the gift of the great gods alone. Crook in hand, leaning forward, he sings 'Enchantress of the wood, for an angry look from thy bewitching eyes would rend my heart, Oh fair and beauteous form beloved, as pure as the moonbeams light, illuminating a wanderer's path, spurn me not.'

Her virgin purity is abashed by his overtures. Then her womanly nature is overcome with the birth of love omnipotent, which calls in no uncertain voice; their arms entwine, as the meadow grasses mingle when stirred by the gentle breath of Heaven; in joyous song their hearts pour forth life's great theme—love divine. O'ertaken by gentle slumber, they tranquilly repose.

This seems to be very suitable for descriptive writing. He has also written two orchestral poems entitled 'The Fealty of Friendship,' in his characteristic, impressionistic style.

Kessler was taught the fiddle by Mr. G. A. Parker, and I wish he would turn his hand to finishing some interesting sonatas for this instrument and the piano, and for two violins, viola or violoncello and piano. But his head is full of other things at present, larger in scope.



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